

My name is Patty Hester I was a patient of Farid Fata from 2010 till August 2013 the day of his arrest. I had three years of mental, emotional and physical abuse at the hands of this "doctor".

It started with a horrific bone-marrow biopsy in his Clarkston office. Within a week he called my husband and I into the office to go over the results. When Fata walked into the room (after we waited two hours) he told my husband and I that I had MDS a terminal cancer that would take my life as I would convert over to leukemia very soon. Fata then said we will need to start chemo right away.

I was horrified to say the least as my husband stood numb. I had ran a very successful bone-marrow drive for a friend with the very same diagnosis. I had been with her and, knew the only cure for MDS was a stem cell or bone marrow transplant. So I panicked and told him to draw my blood now. It was drawn and one hour later he came back into the room and said "my dear lady today your counts look better for a bit longer, so this week we will start iron infusions."

This later over time turned into IVIG Octagam infusions. Every visit he would tell me "you do understand what you have, right?" I always said yes I understand. If my numbers are getting worse can I please start looking for a donor?? It was always "not yet, the guidelines have changed and now the blood cancer board I'm on has reviewed your case you need to begin chemo."

I had many questionable events at the infusions. The last few months different people showed up introduced themselves as "doctors working with Fata" I asked them if they were med students or residents and they purposefully avoided answering my questions. Labels on my Octagam were marked with my full name, yet the birthday was not mine. They were always marked with birthdates 1946 Or 1932, all of Medicare age. When I addressed this to the nurse doing the infusions she would respond with its the machine. We have a lot of patients with your name! I told her that was unacceptable.

In July of 2013, my last infusion before Fata's arrest I walked into the exam room with again the wrong label on the bottle and told Fata this is not me! He panicked and called on his phone and whispered something, soon the nurse "walked into the exam room and took a marker scribbled out the birthdate. She looked at me and said "there now he infusion and it's you."

There was the time my blood pressure dropped and I asked the nurse to stop the infusion. They went down the hall to speak to Fata and came back and informed me he wanted me to have both bottles. I said I can't its making me sick. Then I was told if I needed IV fluids I could be transported to Crittenton hospital. I refused the second bottle and left very sick.

When I had a reaction to the Iron infusions, he just got approval for another brand, so he could continue it.

Of course there is much more to this nightmare then just what I have stated. My chart reads like a script about a "madman". My son was deployed with the US Navy on the USS Nimitz at the time of my diagnosis and was completely devastated. My husband who had recently retired and was a counselor and the Family Life Pastor at our church fell into a deep depression. I gave many things away as I thought it would be easier that way. We took rushed trip with my then five yr. old niece to Disney World. All this time being held hostage a disease I never had.

My heart breaks and rage builds as I write this it seems nothing will ever be the same again. I work in the medical field, my niece is an internal medicine doctor. I no longer trust or care how great your credentials look.

Today, I want to remind you if this can happen to me, to all of us, it could happen to you. I would hope that those with the power to change and enforce a law that will protect everyone so this never happens again will do just that now.

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